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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Caillié's Travels in Africa: TIMBUCTOO??
[Fourth Notice.]

IN our last week's paper, attracted by the interest of the narrative relating to our unfortunate countryman, Major Laing, we devoted what space we had to that afflicting story; and reserved the consideration of Caillié's description of Timbuctoo for a separate review. To enable ourselves to do justice to this point, we have consulted the details of all preceding travellers; and are bound to confess that our conclusions are by no means certain or satisfactory. On the contrary, we find so many differences and contradictions, that we are bewildered with doubts; and, indeed, are not prepared to assert that M. Caillié ever visited this African capital. But while saying thus much, we are far from wishing to imply that his details are apocryphal:—only we do not know where, to use an odd phraseology, *the truth lies*. It is worthy of remark, that circumstances seem to have conspired to throw a prolonged shade of mystery over Timbuctoo, as well as over the also much-sought course of the Niger. It has been approached from the west, the north, and the south, within a few days' journey on each side; and yet no perfectly authentic and indubitable account of it has gratified the curiosity of Europe respecting its actual state.

According to M. Caillié, after passing the lake Debo (the Debbie of former writers), he arrived at Cabra, on the Dholiba, and disembarked. His journey thence to Timbuctoo, by land, is not very definite; for he tells us, he set out at half-past three o'clock on the 20th of April, and reached the city "just as the sun was touching the horizon"—a day's march over a sandy and wearisome road, which we should have estimated at about twenty or five and twenty miles, had it not been reduced to thirteen by an after statement of the author. Of the place itself, he says it presents at first sight nothing but a mass of ill-looking houses built of earth; that it is surrounded on all sides by immense plains of quicksand, of a yellowish-white colour, where not even the warbling of a bird could be heard; and that he thinks "the river (quere, what river?) formerly flowed close to Timbuctoo, though at present it is eight miles to the north of that city,* and five miles from Cabra, in the same direction." This last paragraph, it must be owned, is excessively confused,—for it makes the possible distance between Timbuctoo and Cabra far less than a day's journey, independent of its being at issue with every previous account, which concur in placing Timbuctoo to the north of the river, instead of having the river on its northern side.

The inhabitants are said by Caillié to be negroes of the Kisoor nation, but zealous

* He says elsewhere: "the negroes of Diriman, Malaka, and Kisoor, situated on the banks of the river, come to Timbuctoo in their canoes," which is apparently a contradiction.

Mahometans, and their king a negro,* of the name of Osman: and he adds, "many Moors also reside there." According to the same authority, the government is mild and patriarchal—the king conversed in the Kisoor and Arabic languages—the slaves are kindly treated—the city a sort of triangle, about three miles in circuit—has seven mosques, two of which are large, and each surmounted by a brick tower—is situated on an immense plain of white sand, having no vegetation but stunted trees and shrubs, such as the mimosa ferruginea, which grows no higher than three or four feet—is not closed by any barrier, but is open on all sides, and contains at most about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. Such are the leading features of Timbuctoo, agreeably to M. Caillié, who also represents the water used there as being brought from deep reservoirs dug in the sands; firewood as very scarce; and the opinion as to the course of the river, called by them Bahar-il-Nil, to the E. and E.S.E. that it runs to Haoussa, and empties itself into the Nile—a generic term.

By referring back to the narrative of Adams, the American sailor, who was wrecked in 1810 on the western coast of Africa, and carried (as he said) to Tombuctoo as a slave, it will be seen that he mentions a large river of brackish water, about three-quarters of a mile wide, called La Mar Zarrah, as flowing close to that city from the north-eastward, and heard not mention whatever of the Joliba: he declares that it was navigated in canoes of the hollowed trunks of fig-trees, and that fish like red mullet and salmon were caught in it; he says the whole population were negroes, and he never saw but one small party of Moors, who came to ransom their countrymen, his fellow-captives. He agrees with Caillié, however, in there being no walls, though he flatly contradicts him on the score of cultivation; for Caillié asserts that nothing was grown but dwarf tobacco; whereas Adams speaks of carrots, turnips, beans, rice, Guinea corn, pine apples, fruit-trees, and of herds of cows, goats, asses, &c. as well as the human race, living on these productions.

We will not go so far back as Leo Africanus, Edrissi, and Abulfeda, for farther dissentient accounts; but only mention that the first of these geographers, who was himself at that place, states the branch river of Timbuctoo to flow to the west, and join the Niger at the port of Kabra, twelve miles distant. Sidi Hamet, quoted by the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 16, (January 1817), says that the river which runs by Timbuctoo is a small one, which occasionally dries up; so that the natives are then obliged to go to the southward, two hours distant, where there is a large river called *Zolibib* (very like *Joliba*). This Sidi Hamet describes a much larger city, called Wassannah, on the Niger, sixty days to the south of Timbuctoo; another puzzle, which nothing has

* Yet he says he had an "aquiline nose and thin lips;" quite the reverse of negro features.
† In quarto, published by Mr. Murray in 1816.

since transpired to clear up. We have now only to add the opinions and information of Mr. Jackson, whose authority we consider to be of very great consequence. His description of Timbuctoo, derived from an intelligent native, called Shabeeny, who went thither in 1787, is very different from the preceding, and as follows:—

"On the east side of the city of Timbuctoo there is a large forest, in which are a great many elephants. The timber here is very large. The trees on the outside of the forest are remarkable for having two different colours; that side which is exposed to the morning sun is black, and the opposite side is yellow. The body of the tree has neither branches nor leaves; but the leaves, which are remarkably large, grow upon the top only: so that one of these trees appears, at a distance, like the mast and round-top of a ship. Shabeeny has seen trees in England much taller than these: within the forest the trees are smaller than on its skirts. There are no trees resembling these in the Emperor of Marocco's dominions. They are of such a size, that the largest cannot be girded by two men. They bear a kind of berry about the size of a walnut, in clusters consisting of from ten to twenty berries. Shabeeny cannot say what is the extent of this forest—but it is very large. Close to the town of Timbuctoo, on the south, is a small rivulet, in which the inhabitants wash their clothes, and which is about two feet deep. It runs in the great forest on the east, and does not communicate with the Nile, but is lost in the sands west of the town. Its water is brackish—that of the Nile is good and pleasant. The town of Timbuctoo is surrounded by a mud wall: the walls are built tabia-wise, as in Barbary, viz. they make large wooden cases, which they fill with mud—and when that dries, they remove the cases higher up, till they have finished the wall. They never use stone or brick—they do not know how to make bricks. The wall is about twelve feet high, and sufficiently strong to defend the town against the wild Arabs, who come frequently to demand money from them. It has three gates; one called Bab Sahara, or the gate of the desert, on the north: opposite to this, on the other side of the town, a second, called Bab Neel, or the gate of the Nile. The third gate leads to the forest on the east, and is called Bab el Kibla. The gates are hung on very large hinges, and when shut at night are locked, as in Barbary; and are farther secured by a large prop of wood placed in the inside slopingly against them. There is a dry ditch, or excavation, which circumscribes the town (except at those places which are opposite the gates), about twelve feet deep, and too wide for any man to leap it. The three gates of the town are shut every evening soon after sun-set: they are made of folding-doors, of which there is only one pair. The doors are lined on the outside with untanned hides of camels, and are so full of nails, that no hatchet can pene-

trate them; the front appears like one piece of iron.

"Population.—The town is once-and-a-half the size of Tetuan, and contains, besides natives, about 10,000 of the people of Fas and Morocco. The native inhabitants of the town of Timbuctoo may be computed at 40,000, exclusive of slaves and foreigners. Many of the merchants who visit Timbuctoo are so much attached to the place that they cannot leave it, but continue there for life. The natives are all blacks: almost every stranger marries a female of the town, who are so beautiful, that travellers often fall in love with them at first sight.

"Animals.—Goats are very large, as big as the calves in England, and very plentiful; sheep are also very large. Cattle are small; many are oxen. Milk of camels and goats is preferred to that of cows. Horses are small, and are principally fed upon camels' milk; they are of the greyhound shape, and will travel three days without rest. They have dromedaries, which travel from Timbuctoo to Taflet in the short period of five or six days.

"Birds.—They have common fowls, ostriches, and a bird larger than our blackbird; also storks, which latter are birds of passage, and arrive in the spring and disappear at the approach of winter; swallows, &c.

"Fish.—They have many extremely good in the Nile; one of the shape and size of our salmon; the largest of these are about four feet long. They use lines and hooks brought from Barbary; and nets, like our casting nets, made by themselves. They strike large fish with spears and fish-gigs.

"Prices of different Articles.—Sheep from ten to sixteen cowries. Cowries are much valued, and form an ornament of head-dress even for the richest women; they are highly valued as ornaments. Goats are cheaper than sheep; the best from eight to twelve cowries. Fowls from four to six cowries each. Antelopes are very scarce and dear. Camels from thirty to sixty cowries, according to their size and condition. Ostriches, of which vast numbers are brought to market, are very cheap: the fore-feathers are often carried to Taflet and Morocco; the inferiors are thrown away."

"The king has 500 or 600 horses; his stables are in the enclosure; the saddles have a peak before, but none behind. He frequently hunts the antelope, wild ass, ostrich, and an animal, which, from Shabeeny's description, appears to be the wild cow of Africa. The wild ass is very fleet, and when closely pursued kicks back the earth and sand in the eyes of his pursuers. They have the finest greyhounds in the world, with which they hunt only the antelope; for the dogs are not able to overtake the ostrich. Shabeeny has often hunted with the king; any person may accompany him. Sometimes he does not return for three or four days: he sets out always after sunrise. Whatever is killed in the chase is divided among the strangers and other company present; but those animals which are taken alive are sent to the king's palace. He goes to hunt towards the desert, and does not begin till distant ten miles from the town. The antelopes are found in herds of from thirty to sixty. He never saw an antelope, wild ass, or ostrich alone, but generally in large droves. The ostriches, like the storks, place sentinels upon the watch: thirty yards are reckoned a distance for a secure shot with the bow. The king always shoots on horseback, as do many of his courtiers—sometimes with muskets, but oftener with bows. The

king takes a great many tents with him. There are no lions, tigers, or wild boars, near Timbuctoo. They play at chess and draughts, and are very expert at those games: they have no cards; but they have tumblers, jugglers, and ventriloquists, whose voice appears to come from under the armpits.

"They have no temples, churches, or mosques, no regular worship or sabbath; but once in three months they have a great festival, which lasts two or three days, sometimes a week, and is spent in eating and drinking."

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?

Poetry of the Magyars; preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania. By John Bowring, LL.D., &c. Printed for the Author, R. Heward, and Rowland Hunter, London; and Otto Wigand, Pesth. 1830.

WE know no one to whom our foreign literature is so much indebted as to Dr. Bowring. Believing, as we do, that intercourse with foreign countries is as beneficial to our literature as to our commerce, we do think no small share of gratitude is due to a man whose unwearied industry has given a whole life's most valuable labours to increase—we might say create—the great stock of continental information we now possess. Hungary—a country to which much popular attention has lately been attracted by Mrs. C. Gore's *Hungarian Tales*, and Miss Webb's *Tales of a Bride*, works full of both interest and amusement—Hungary is the soil from which Mr. Bowring has been transplanting fruit and flowers. We scarcely think them so poetical as many of his former discoveries, as we must call them. This objection is very ingeniously met in the preface; and we are quite ready to admit that the productions of the Magyars well merited translation. We select the following from an infinite variety.

"Dangers of Love.

To love no more my vows I'll bring,
For love is such a dangerous thing;
There's poison hid in every dart,
And canker-worms in every heart.

Where love doth dwell.

I know the little treacherous boy—
Have fought beneath his flag with joy,
Which brought deep grief: I've worn his chain,
And wasted many months of pain.

In his dark cell.

For she who loves bears doom of woe;
Let her not trust the traitor's bow,
Which I have trusted, just to be
Pierced through and through with misery.

With misery.

O, forest trees! so tall that are;
O, dovelet mine! that flies so far:
Would I could feel that giant grove!
Would I could reach that flitting dove!

It may not be!

How idle on a rush to lean,
Though waving bright its stem of green!
For when the noisy tempest wakes,
How soon it bends! how trembling shakes!

And bows its head.

I lean'd upon a treacherous rush;
He turn'd away without a blush
To other maid: but I was young—
Truth in my spirit—on my tongue,

Without parade.

O, smitten by high Heaven be he
Who gives his love to two, to three!
I love but one—and if he fail me,
O how could other love avail me!

Me—hapless maid!"

"The Three Ills of King Matthew Corvinus.
There is an ancient saying—Idleness
Is the world's curse; and I have heard a story
Out of old time, instructive.

King Matthew once, half tipsy, put three fellows—
Three idle fellows—in a house to fatten;
And fate, or forethought, set the house on fire.
'Ah! see, the house is burning!' cried the first;
'If the king want us,' said the second knave,

'Why he will send and save us.' In a rage,
'Your tongue is very glib,' exclaimed the third;
And the house went on burning—and they perish'd.
O there are many idle dogs like these—
Many who open wide their lazy mouths,
And think that roasted ortolans will enter."

We cannot help giving the following for its originality.

"The Frogs.

Brekeke,
Brekeke, brekeke!
Koax, too-oo!
Brekeke, koax—brekeke, too-oo!
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke,
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke, brekeke;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo;
Brekeke, too-oo!
Brekeke, brekeke!

'Tis the dawn of delight to the sons of the pond—
From its green bed they look to the bright moon beyond.
Brekeke, brekeke,
Koax, too-oo!

The Thunderer made us the favourites of heaven—
'Neath the green-vaulted wave how we thrive and have
thriven!
All honour and praise to his wisdom be given.
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo!"

Who would not learn Magyar?

"The Magyar Dance.

A very pretty piece of dreaming to fancy that a Magyar lad,
In leathern shoes and shorted breeches,* can dance! O,
no; but see him clad
In rattling spurs and plummy head-dress;† and then, and
then, when full of joy,
Before his pearl-browed Magyar maiden, O then behold
the Magyar boy.

Our Magyar dance they say is lonely, a melancholy dance
they say: [glad, and gay]
But see a Magyar foot when twinkling—is it not sportive,
Go to the Shlimian fields and tell me, if ever fancy's busy
glance [rapturous dance]
Dwelt on a scene so brightly joyous, or followed a more
The dance of Gaul is affection; and light though German
dances be, [tony:]
They are but an eternal sameness—a wearisome mon-
And gloomy are the English dances—a heavy and a tire-
some chain [King David's reign].
But ours, but ou were consecrated, ay! down from old

"The Bride.

I got me a bride—ah! I got me a bride,
And a pretty good portion of trouble beside;
I have buried the peace and the joy of my life,
Which I shouldn't have done had I buried my wife.
I know not what fiend with the witch has combin'd;
He dived to his den, but he left her behind:
I asked her for wine, and I asked her for bread,
And she dung first abuse—then her fist at my head.
When I think of that excellent landlady who
Gives me food, gives me drink, and so cheerfully too;
And turn to that dragon whom tiger-milk nursed,
My heart splits in two when I feel how I'm cursed.
Only two nights ago—who had dreamt she was nigh!—
When thinking and meaning no evil, not I—
I was bound to a neighbour's—the hideous one came,
And vomited vengeance, and fury, and flame.
'Thou scoundrel! thou vagabond! wench-hunting
knave!"
This, this was the welcome the evil one gave;
She roared like a lion that springs from his nook;
And, O! how I tottered, and trembled, and shook.

* "The Magyars hold the short breeches and shoes of
their German neighbours in very great contempt, and
deem spurs so essential to a dancer, that they have an ex-
pression betokening that 'a dancer without his spurs is a
soup without salt, a kiss without a beard.'

† "The kalpag, or Hungarian national cap. It is made
of fur, and decorated with rows of feathers. Feathers are
used in Hungary on many occasions similar to those in
which ribbands are employed by us, as, for example, by
recruiting parties.

‡ "The pasta is the ornamented head-dress of the un-
married women of Hungary, Slovakia, and Servia. For-
merly none but virgins were allowed to wear it, and it
was taken from the bride, with many ceremonies, on the
day of marriage, when conducted to the abode of the
bridegroom. On the following morning, married women
replaced it, or rather surmounted it by the Fokoto. The
pasta is composed of a number of bandages turned round
the head, and often ornamented with pearls. A hair pin,
generally of silver, and in the form of a dagger, was stuck
through it.

§ "This is true of the German waltzes, to which it
revers. The Magyar dance is exceedingly varied in its
figures. Dr. Rummy tells me, that on one occasion an
English traveller noted down the many changes of figure
in a Magyar dance, and they amounted to more than a
hundred. My friend, who thinks that there is a strong
resemblance between the national character of the English
and the Magyars, will have it that even in their dances
this is the case. The general tone of the Magyar feeling
is melancholy and pathetic."

How long, O thou work of the devil! how long?
Every day thou art here does thy destiny wrong:
I know what thy doom is, I know it full well;
But why, while on earth, am I driven to hell?"

These are as fair specimens as we can find of a volume more interesting from its characteristic information than its poetry. It is preceded by an admirable sketch of Hungarian literature; and is, indeed, full of novelty to the English reader.

Sydenham; or, Memoirs of a Man of the World. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

EACH of these three volumes is, in fact, a separate work—each in a different style and spirit—each aspiring to a different fame in composition—each evidently written by a clever man—but each of very different degrees of merit. The first volume, which is most of the novel, in match-making, love affairs, &c., we shall pass by. The history of Auriol, with which the second volume is much encumbered, draws, in its composition, rather too much on the imagination. We doubt the existence of talents that have not energy enough for their own exertion; and contempt rather than sympathy is excited by the exaggerating vanity which erects its temple on the sandy desert of self-love, and then is indignant because the world turns not out of its busy path to pay homage at an unknown altar. There is not in the character of Auriol *matériel* for more than a few pages. But towards the end of the second, and during the whole of the third volume, the author enters into his real subject; and on touching his native earth, politics, he springs up with unexpected and renewed vigour. These pages are in reality memoirs of the political intrigues of the time; full of keen observation, graphic sketches of character, biting sarcasm—one page of which would make the fortune of a pamphlet. All the personages are of course real, though under fictitious names; and their portraits are touched with high powers of satire. The following hostile description of a scarcely disguised lawyer and politician will serve to shew the author's manner.

"I will tell you," returned Lessingham. "Broughton is of an ancient family (as every Scotchman is), but he was a younger brother, and, I need hardly add, as poor as a gentleman could well be. He was sent at the age of seventeen to Edinburgh to be educated, having been easily billeted on an aunt who resided in the city. Your youth soon came to the knowledge of the valuable talents with which he was gifted, and, being of an ambitious spirit, he set himself diligently to work them. In a few years, his industry, no less than his merits, placed him at the head of the students. No man has embraced a wider range of science than Broughton: he is conversant with every subject, from the politics of Europe to the cochineal insect; and, to give him his due, no man with such various knowledge has acquired so deep a smattering in each as Broughton. The bulk of his learning he acquired during his residence at the northern university. In the course of a few years, his industry, no less than his merits, placed him at the head of the students there. He took the lead in the philosophical, political, and metaphysical debating clubs. He set up periodicals, and of course wrote the best articles in them. In short, the dons of the Caledonian Alma Mater prophesied that George Broughton would become a great man. But our hero, as might be supposed, soon began to feel dissatisfied with this obscure

celebrity, and to look out for opportunities of accomplishing a more extended fame. The public mind was at that time much intent upon politics, several interesting questions in which had been set afloat. Broughton, who was well prepared for intellectual service of any kind, seized hold of one of these, and wrote a book upon it. When he had finished this pamphlet, he put it in his pocket, and came down to London. P—— was then in office; and our friend had prudently taken the Tory side of the question,—so he wrapped up the pamphlet and forwarded it to the minister. His sagacity, no doubt, enabled him to perceive at a glance that the author was a clever man, (I will send you the pamphlet,—it is at least a curiosity,) and as P—— always liked to have as many as possible of these at command, he relieved the young adventurer from his suspense, by desiring his attendance in Downing-street at a certain day and hour. 'I beg pardon for interrupting you,' said I; 'but how old was Broughton at this time?' 'Let me see—between three and four and twenty. He had been seven years at Edinburgh when he quitted it. Well, the result of his interview with P—— was an employment to write for government, with the hope held out, though ambiguously, as ministers are wont to intimate their promises, of future promotion. I am told that Broughton's impatient ambition and high opinion of himself had led him to nourish expectations that his patron would have immediately brought him into the House: but he this as it may, he of course found arguments to reconcile him to the postponement of this grand step, and, satisfied that he was getting on as well as he could reasonably have hoped, he undertook with alacrity the service to which he had been appointed. He wrote more pamphlets, indited articles for the ministerial journals and other government periodicals, and wielded his pen with much credit. After having continued in this routine for nearly two years, he began to lack advancement, and hinted as much to the head of affairs. But it did not suit the chief to understand this suggestion, *finding*, I suppose, our youth more useful in his present situation than he could be in the higher department of his service, which happened to be very satisfactorily filled. Broughton said no more, but wrote on a little longer, *finding*, as he thought, a security against the ingratitude of the minister in the private communications which that personage had, from time to time, afforded him as the materials of his labour. Accordingly, after an interval, he signified his wishes to P—— in plainer terms; and to his surprise, indignation, and disappointment, he found the premier's manner grown proportionably more frigid. This indication was the more alarming, inasmuch as strong and well-authenticated rumours had lately gone abroad respecting the insecurity of the administration. Broughton hastened (as I am credibly informed) to Downing-street, saw his patron, and discarding periphrasis, asked him point-blank whether and when he intended bringing him into parliament? P—— haughtily and contemptuously replied that he had had no such measure in contemplation. Broughton remonstrated, but to no purpose,—then complained bitterly of his ill-usage; but made no impression. As a last resource, he reminded P—— that he was in his power; but the minister laughed him and his menaces to scorn, and our adventurer quitted the house, as a novelist would say, in a rage of conflicting emotions. Seriously, it was vexatious to be deprived of his recompense after the long period of probation which he had sus-

tained, and to be dismissed with no other reward than the pecuniary remuneration which he had received for his actual services. His first impulse was to put his threats into execution, and to betray such of the state secrets as he possessed. But that instinctive caution and prudence which a Scotchman imbibes with his mother's milk did not fail our adventurer at this crisis, which was one of those trials of practical wisdom which every man comes to more or less frequently in the course of life. He considered earnestly the state of parties, with the view to ascertain which was likely to be permanently uppermost, and the determination of attaching himself to that. We were then very much in the situation that we are at present with respect to the probability of coming in, and were sanguine of success. The Tory minister had had a long and uninterrupted spell of office; and, though not superannuated, was worn out with care, and sadly afflicted by the recent failure and consequent unpopularity of measures, to which he had committed himself too far to recede at his time of day. It was well known that he could not last much longer; and he was supposed to be the great centre-stone which held together the Tory stronghold, mouldered by age, and the batteries of Whig wit and eloquence. On us the capricious sun of popular favour, which had long shone upon the other side of the house, now began to smile, and the sun of Toryism was said to have set for ever. Broughton was one of the many who were persuaded that Whiggism was the order of the day; and he therefore determined to lose no time in declaring his adhesion to our party. An elaborate pamphlet on the state of the nation was the mode which he selected of announcing his new opinions. We knew the value of the man, and had long wished to possess him. His past errors were immediately forgotten, and Chepstow brought him into parliament."

"No man is, I am sure, so thoroughly acquainted with Broughton's character as myself; for it has been under my eye ever since he joined our party. His talents, though very high, are not first rate, and I may state them as belonging to that order which approaches the nearest to genius, and just falls short of it. He himself is aware of the extent of his abilities, and he is galled bitterly by the conviction that there exist many men equally gifted with and some more largely than himself; for examples of the former, Beaumais, Wriothsley, and Palmer; of the latter, Anstruther and Singleton. Accordingly, he endeavours to make up for his deficiency in genius by the reputation of universal knowledge, both in arts and sciences. He lately gave a young painter 200*l.* for one of his works, and made all his friends subscribe for a statuery, of whose genius he spoke in high terms, although he is himself perfectly ignorant of both painting and sculpture. His object was to gain the credit of being a connoisseur and patron of the arts. In short, George Broughton is the most completely ambitious person I ever knew. He is equally possessed with the two kinds of ambitions, that of power and that of praise. To the one is to be referred the frequent and indiscriminating use which he makes of his sarcastic powers; for the dread in which they are held, and the manifest effects which they frequently produce in the subjects upon whom they are exercised, are most gratifying to his vanity. His ridicule and satire have fixed several speakers in eternal silence: these are the triumphs to which he reverts with the

greatest satisfaction. On the other hand, his ardent desire for power causes him to bear very impatiently his exclusion from office. Broughton is not naturally a malevolent or selfish man; he never wantonly shews those qualities, and it is only toward his rivals that they ever seem to be displayed. His desire of fame is that of a passionate lover who cannot see his mistress barely civil to others without being transported with jealousy and hatred toward those who are favoured by her smiles. He will not even suffer her, if he can prevent it, to be approached by those whose accomplishments are likely to find favour in her eyes."

Making one or two more general extracts, we may notice with praise the scenes at the Beef-steak Club, the supper at Lutwyche's, the proceedings in the House of Commons, and particularly all conversations in which Lessingham (obviously Mr. Tierney) bears a part. We cannot but think the following marked indeed with the discrimination of a man of the world.

Finish of a Fashionable Friendship.—"The former was one of my fashionable acquaintances, or friend as he termed himself, of last year. He came into the room, felicitating me upon my return to my native element—town, and anticipating in the approaching a continuation of the splendid career which I had led last season. He asked me what I had been doing with myself during the summer, and without pausing for a reply, ran into a history of his own transactions since we had parted. He did not disapprove of my having gone into parliament, but warned me against becoming a politician, which would spoil me for a man of fashion. He found great fault with my residence, which was in much too political an atmosphere; and recommended me to lose no time in removing to the more genial climate of St. James's. I suffered the chatterbox to run dry, and then made a few indifferent observations. The dandy then invited me to take a stroll, which I declined. He offered to give me a dinner at the Clarendon, and afterwards to carry me to sup with a charming friend of his in the Edgeware-road; but I pleaded an engagement which must prevent me those pleasures. The conversation flagged. My last year's friend regarded me with a look partaking slightly of surprise, pity, and contempt, and in a few minutes wished me good-morning, in a tone of disappointment. I do not recollect that we ever after exchanged a word, but we always nodded to each other when we met."

Dulness of Genius.—"Why, as to G—," she replied, naming the poet, "his genius, you know, is his livelihood; so of course he cannot afford to squander it in conversation; and Singleton [Sheridan], though very rich, prefers an occasional extravagance to a regular and uniform expenditure of wit; generally, I think he is very frugal, and sometimes almost niggardly—which I have observed him to be just before or after one of his displays of prodigality. Now, to-morrow there are to be great doings, or rather sayings, at the House, and the day following is the Beef-steak Club; so that I suppose he cannot afford to waste a single good thing to-day."

A Nice Point of Honour.—"There happened a few weeks ago to be an election meeting in the country (I forget exactly where) at which the rustic politicians speecified with great violence, so much so as to attract the attention of the London newspapers, one of which published a lampoon upon the meeting, ridiculing especially a Mr. Jones, who appeared

the most violent orator in it. Now Jones being a fiery and ambitious spirit, was enraged almost to madness at finding himself and his speech gibbeted to the public derision, and determined in his indignation to find out his satirist. Accordingly he wrote to the editor, who would give him no information; he then came up to town (so infuriated was he), and being upon inquiry told, I suppose, that Sir Nathaniel Callaghan was the author of every witty and severe thing that came out, he hastened to the residence of our friend, and asked him, point-blank, if he was the author of such a pasquinade in such a newspaper? Nat, who had read and admired the lampoon, could not resist this tempting opportunity, and replied, that he must beg to be excused answering the question; which Jones understanding, of course, to be an admission, immediately poured forth upon him a tremendous volley of abuse, which he accompanied by a short, but vigorous application of his material, in retaliation of Callaghan's supposed moral scourge. Having done which, he flung out of the house, leaving its owner, as you may suppose, astounded. When he recovered his self-possession, he of course began to consider what was to be done. He had been abused and thrashed, under very peculiar and perplexing circumstances. His assailant was, unfortunately, not a gentleman, and therefore could not be pistolled. To bring an action of battery would not be a satisfactory proceeding. How, then, was the insult to be avenged? Irishmen are the special pleaders of the law of honour, and our friend was involving himself in all the subtleties of that code, in order to come at a form of procedure, and to collect all the precedents with which he was acquainted, which should meet the circumstances of the case. But after thinking all day upon the subject, he found his brain completely bothered, without being ever the nearer the object of his inquiry; so that there was a strong probability that he would be obliged to pocket his licking, from being unable to find any decision upon the singular point which he wished to elucidate. Next day, however, he was revisited by Mr. Jones, who came to make a thousand apologies for the outrage which he had offered him, and which was not intended for him, inasmuch as he had since discovered the real claimant in the author of the lampoon. 'Sir,' answered Nat, 'you have relieved me from much embarrassment: ever since I received the favour which you allude to, I have been studying how to acquit myself of the obligation; but as I find the thing was a mistake, and not intended for me, my course is clear, namely, to return it to you.' And accordingly he gave the fellow a sound drubbing."

The following is also a pithy remark:

"During my stay at Hastings, I had seen much of the other sex, nor did the experience which I had acquired induce me to pursue my inquiries into female character. To say the truth, I do not think that this branch of human nature is by any means a complicated one. As ambition may be considered the chief passion of man, though in a much larger and more general proportion, is its contemptible corruption, vanity, the governing principle of woman. Its operations are so palpable in them, as to render unnecessary those fine and difficult analyses which are frequently necessary to trace the actions of men, through various processes and modifications, up to the simple motive. That the constitutions of many girls contain originally the germs of those gentle and virtuous affections which are proper to

their sex, I am willing to admit; but they are early rooted out to make room for exotics, and are choked by the growth of those noxious plants. Pride is substituted for love, dissimulation for sincerity, and vanity, the only weed which is indigenous to the soil, is trained and watered until it arrives at maturity, and becomes the prolific parent of many vices. The prevailing system of education violently turns nature from its course, and has separated by an impassable barrier the original from the artificial character of the sex."

As Parliament has met, we shall end with a neat parliamentary hit.

"After all, then, there is nothing like one's own rotten borough! How enviable is the situation of him who is elected in the servants' hall, by his own domestics! He has no long preliminary toil and trouble to undergo, in personally soliciting hundreds of vulgar persons for their patronage, and haggling with them about the price, or endeavouring to overcome their surliness, and adapt himself to their opinions. He has not to encounter, perhaps for a fortnight together, and that too with unruddied placidity of temper, the insults of the 'rank-scented many,' and the no less vexatious badgering of other candidates. When he gets to town, he is not annoyed by the jealous surveillance of his constituency, nor bored by the visits of his county friends, their importunities, requests, and discontents. He is not obliged to spend whole mornings on stupid committees, nor to forego his dinner by attending the House to present petitions or superintend county bills. Neither must he of necessity quit a pleasant party, or break in upon his rest, in order to be present at the division, lest he should be called over the coals, when he gets home, for neglecting his duty. Lastly, he is not in continual dread lest ministers should dissolve, and send him back again, to go over the same labour, misery, and expense. Very different, indeed, is the situation of him who is the representative of half-a-dozen of his own dependents. On the day of election, after breakfast, he sends for his steward, who is the returning-officer, and gives him his instructions; by dinner-time he is a member of parliament. He enters the Houses free as air, and is the most independent gentleman in it; for he is neither hampered by pledges, nor haunted by visions of county meetings, and hustings retribution."

We do not in the least doubt but that Sydenham will have very brilliant success; it has broken up new ground, and used the produce with great ability: its being the first exclusively political novel, would lead to its popularity, and the talents it displays will secure it. But while we pay this tribute to the talents of the author, and anticipate his being the rage, we must beg to qualify both positions by a few remarks. In the first place, that which will ensure his book an extensive circulation, is a qualification which we must reprobate, namely, bitter and dangerous personality. There is, as we have been induced to shew, no mistaking some of the characters aimed at; and we hardly know if the garb of the novel-writer be a sufficient excuse or protection for such invasions of society. Mr. Brougham, Mr. Haynes Bayly, and others who are made to figure in these pages, may perhaps think it worth while to procure a solution of the question. In the second place, the author has obscured his talents in several instances by violations of good taste, which, though very brief, bespeak a poverty of substance, as they could hardly have occurred but for the want of better materials. The introduction of such a topic as is called in fashion language

"ballum rancum," is not only utterly unconnected with any thing else, but is an offence against discretion; and it is the more to be censured, as the fault is repeated in allusions to conversations over wine, &c. which ought not to have found room in a work of this kind. These are, we should fancy, errors in judgment, proceeding from youth; for though the writer, we are told, belongs to the class of "Honourables," and has certainly observed the world, he is ignorant of literature, if he believes that such matters can be published without provoking disapprobation. He is a very clever man, and *Sydenham* is a very clever book; which, without the trouble of puffing, must make a great stir in the upper and political circles.

The Family Library, No. X. The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. II. London, 1830. J. Murray.

THE praise we so cordially bestowed on its predecessor we feel equally disposed to bestow on the volume before us; the same good sense and good taste marking the kindred mind of the writer, the same attention in collecting facts, (a difficult and ever-questioned task), and the same clear and impartial judgment, make this a most delightful work. West, Barry, Blake, Opie, Morland, Bird, and Fuseli, are names to win attention from all lovers of their glorious art; but the memoir of Blake is so curious a sketch of a very extraordinary mind, that we cannot but choose it for our illustration, and make an extract or two which will also come recommended to the generality of our readers by their novelty.

"Though Blake lost himself a little in the enchanted region of song, he seems not to have neglected to make himself master of the graver, or to have forgotten his love of designs and sketches. He was a dutiful servant to Basire, and he studied occasionally under Flaxman and Fuseli; but it was his chief delight to retire to the solitude of his chamber, and there make drawings, and illustrate with these verses, to be hung up together in his mother's chamber. He was always at work; he called amusement idleness, sight-seeing vanity, and money-making the ruin of all high aspirations. 'Were I to love money,' he said, 'I should lose all power of thought; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. I might roll in wealth and ride in a golden chariot, were I to listen to the voice of parsimony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing god-like sentiments.' The day was given to the graver, by which he earned enough to maintain himself respectably; and he bestowed his evenings upon painting and poetry, and intertwined these so closely in his compositions, that they cannot well be separated. When he was six-and-twenty years old, he married Katharine Boucher, a young woman of humble connections—the dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems. She lived near his father's house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naiads. As he was an original in all things, it would have been out of character to fall in love like an ordinary mortal; he was describing one evening in company the pains he had suffered from some capricious lady or another, when Katharine Boucher said, 'I pity you from my heart.' 'Do you pity me?' said Blake, 'then I love you for that.' 'And I love you,' said the frank-hearted lass, and so the courtship began.

He tried how well she looked in a drawing, then how her charms became verse; and finding, moreover, that she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived together long and happily. She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake;—she believed him to be the finest genius on earth; she believed in his verse—she believed in his designs; and to the wildest flights of his imagination she bowed the knee, and was a worshipper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and, indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became, as it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt to learn—to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant company, and agreeable invitations—she found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this; and she whom Blake emphatically called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates—she coloured them with a light and neat hand—made drawings much in the spirit of her husband's compositions, and almost rivalled him in all things save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any individual, living or dead, whenever he chose to see them."

"During the day he was a man of sagacity and sense, who handled his graver wisely, and conversed in a wholesome and pleasant manner; in the evening, when he had done his prescribed task, he gave a loose to his imagination. While employed on those engravings which accompany the works of Cowper, he saw such company as the country where he resided afforded, and talked with Hayley about poetry, with a feeling to which the author of the *Triumphs of Temper* was an utter stranger; but at the close of the day away went Blake to the sea-shore, to indulge in his own thoughts, and 'High converse with the dead to hold.'

Here he forgot the present moment, and lived in the past; he conceived, verily, that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses—with Pindar and Virgil—with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. Milton, in a moment of confidence, entrusted him with a whole poem of his, which the world had never seen; but unfortunately the communication was oral, and the poetry seemed to have lost much of its brightness in Blake's recitation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered, 'They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men.' It was evident that the solitude of the country gave him a larger swing in imaginary matters. His wife often accompanied him to these strange interviews; she saw nothing, and heard as little, but she was certain that her husband both heard and saw. Blake's mind at all times resembled that first page in the magician's book of gramoury, which made

'The cobweb on the dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.'

His mind could convert the most ordinary occurrence into something mystical and supernatural. He often saw less majestic shapes than those of the poets of old. 'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the answer. 'I have,' said Blake; 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden—there was

great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and colour of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-laf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral.' It would, perhaps, have been better for his fame had he connected it more with the superstitious beliefs of his country—amongst the elves and fairies his fancy might have wandered at will—their popular character would, perhaps, have kept him within the bounds of traditionary belief, and the sea of his imagination might have had a shore.

"To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in visions. The most propitious time for those 'angel-visits' was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed. He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace—the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. 'William Wallace!' he exclaimed, 'I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks—reach me my things!' Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stooped suddenly, and said, 'I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me.' 'That's lucky,' said his friend, 'for I want the portrait of Edward too.' Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. 'And pray, sir,' said a gentleman, who heard Blake's friend tell his story—'was Sir William Wallace an heroic-looking man? And what sort of personage was Edward?' The answer was: 'There they are, sir, both framed and hanging on the wall behind you; judge for yourself.' 'I looked (says my informant) and saw two warlike heads, of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon.' The friend who obliged me with these anecdotes, on observing the interest which I took in the subject, said, 'I know much about Blake—I was his companion for nine years. I have sat beside him from ten at night till three in the morning, sometimes slumbering and sometimes waking, but Blake never slept; he sat with a pencil and paper drawing portraits of those whom I most desired to see. I will shew you, sir, some of these works.' He took out a large book filled with drawings, opened it, and continued, 'Observe the poetic fervour of that face—it is Pindar as he stood a conqueror in the Olympic

games. And this lovely creature is Corinna, who conquered in poetry in the same place. That lady is Laïs the courtesan—with the impudence which is part of her profession; she stepped in between Blake and Corinna, and he was obliged to paint her to get her away. There! that is a face of a different stamp—can you conjecture who he is? ‘Some scoundrel, I should think, sir.’ ‘There now—that is a strong proof of the accuracy of Blake—he is a scoundrel indeed! The very individual task-master whom Moses slew in Egypt. And who is this now—only imagine who this is?’ ‘Other than a good one, I doubt, sir.’ ‘You are right, it is the devil—he resembles, and this is remarkable, two men who shall be nameless; one is a great lawyer, and the other—I wish I durst name him—is a suborner of false witnesses. This other head now—this speaks for itself—it is the head of Herod; how like an eminent officer in the army!’ He closed the book, and taking out a small panel from a private drawer, said, ‘This is the last which I shall shew you; but it is the greatest curiosity of all. Only look at the splendour of the colouring and the original character of the thing!’ ‘I see,’ said I, ‘a naked figure with a strong body and a short neck—with burning eyes which long for moisture, and a face worthy of a murderer, holding a bloody cup in its clawed hands, out of which it seems eager to drink. I never saw any shape so strange, nor did I ever see any colouring so curiously splendid—a kind of glistening green and dusky gold, beautifully varnished. But what in the world is it?’ ‘It is a ghost, sir—the ghost of a flea—a spiritualisation of the thing!’ ‘He saw this in a vision then?’ I said. ‘I’ll tell you all about it, sir. I called on him one evening, and found Blake more than usually excited. He told me he had seen a wonderful thing—the ghost of a flea! And did you make a drawing of him?’ I inquired. No, indeed, said he, I wish I had, but I shall if he appears again! He looked earnestly into a corner of the room, and then said, Here he is—reach me my things—I shall keep my eye on him. There he comes! his eager tongue whisking out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green—as he described him so he drew him.’ These stories are scarcely credible, yet there can be no doubt of their accuracy. Another friend, on whose veracity I have the fullest dependence, called one evening on Blake, and found him sitting with a pencil and a panel, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious that he has got a fastidious sitter; he looked and drew, and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. ‘Disturb me not,’ said he, in a whisper; ‘I have one sitting to me.’ ‘Sitting to you!’ exclaimed his astonished visitor; ‘where is he, and what is he?’ ‘I see no one.’ ‘But I see him, sir,’ answered Blake haughtily; ‘there he is, his name is Lot—you may read of him in the Scripture. He is sitting for his portrait.’ Had he always thought so idly, and wrought on such visionary matters, this memoir would have been the story of a madman, instead of the life of a man of genius, some of whose works are worthy of any age or nation. Even while he was indulging in these laughable fancies, and seeing visions at the request of his friends, he conceived, and drew, and engraved, one of the noblest of all his productions—the *Inventions for the Book of Job*. He accomplished this series in a small room, which served him for kitchen, bedchamber, and study, where he had no other companion but his faith-

ful Katherine, and no larger income than some seventeen or eighteen shillings a week. Of these *Inventions*, as the artist loved to call them, there are twenty-one, representing the Man of Uz sustaining his dignity amidst the inflictions of Satan, the reproaches of his friends, and the insults of his wife. It was in such things that Blake shone; the Scripture over-awed his imagination, and he was too devout to attempt aught beyond a literal embodying of the majestic scene. He goes step by step with the narrative; always simple, and often sublime—never wandering from the subject, nor overlaying the text with the weight of his own exuberant fancy. The passages embodied will shew with what lofty themes he presumed to grapple. 1. Thus did Job continually. 2. The Almighty watches the good man’s household. 3. Satan receiving power over Job. 4. The wind from the wilderness destroying Job’s children. 5. And I alone am escaped to tell thee. 6. Satan smiting Job with sore boils. 7. Job’s friends comforting him. 8. Let the day perish wherein I was born. 9. Then a spirit passed before my face. 10. Job laughed to scorn by his friends. 11. With dreams upon my bed thou scarest me—thou affrightest me with visions. 12. I am young and ye are old, wherefore I was afraid. 13. Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind. 14. When the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. 15. Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee. 16. Thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked. 17. I have heard Thee with the hearing of my ear, but now my eye rejoiceth in Thee. 18. Also the Lord accepted Job. 19. Every one also gave him a piece of money. 20. There were not found women fairer than the daughters of Job. 21. So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning. While employed on these remarkable productions, he was made sensible that the little approbation which the world had ever bestowed on him was fast leaving him. The waywardness of his fancy, and the peculiar execution of his compositions, were alike unadapted for popularity; the demand for his works lessened yearly from the time that he exhibited his *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; and he could hardly procure sufficient to sustain life, when old age was creeping upon him. Yet, poverty-stricken as he was, his cheerfulness never forsook him—he uttered no complaint—he contracted no debt, and continued to the last manly and independent. It is the fashion to praise genius when it is gone to the grave—the fashion is cheap and convenient. Of the existence of Blake few men of taste could be ignorant—of his great merits multitudes knew,—nor was his extreme poverty any secret. Yet he was reduced—one of the ornaments of the age—to a miserable garret and a crust of bread, and would have perished from want, had not some friends, neither wealthy nor powerful, averted this disgrace from coming upon our country. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Linnel, employed Blake to engrave his *Inventions for the Book of Job*; by this he earned money enough to keep him living—for the good old man still laboured with all the ardour of the days of his youth, and with skill equal to his enthusiasm. These engravings are very rare, very beautiful, and very peculiar. They are in the earlier fashion of workmanship, and bear no resemblance whatever to the polished and graceful style which now prevails. I have never seen a tinted copy, nor am I sure that tinting would accord with the extreme simplicity of the designs, and the mode in which they are

handled. The *Songs of Innocence*, and these *Inventions for Job*, are the happiest of Blake’s works, and ought to be in the portfolios of all who are lovers of nature and imagination.”

“He had now reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. ‘I glory,’ he said, ‘in dying; and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men.’ He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty. The Ancient of Days was such a favourite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm’s length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, ‘There! that will do! I cannot mend it.’ He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—‘Stay, Kate!’ (cried Blake) ‘keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me.’ She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death, made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he called them, to paper. ‘Kate,’ he said, ‘I am a changing man—I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose too, and sat beside me—this can be no longer.’ He died on the 12th of August, 1822, without any visible pain—his wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing.”

The *Family Library* has, from the first, been especially happy in its choice of subjects; but these volumes bid fair to be more than usually favourites, both from their popular nature and their graceful execution. We speak in the full knowledge of many objections on points, and facts, and bits, where the writer may (for aught we know) be either right or wrong; but on this head all we would say is, “Let the cavillers try to write a biography.”

The Manners of the Day. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THERE is scarcely any thing in the domestic history of a civilised country more worthy of observation than the perpetual change which occurs in manners and opinion; each succeeding mode presenting features essentially different from those which characterised its predecessor. This variety in the external usages of life, and in the pretences of opinion, is the more remarkable, since the actual state of society, as regards its private pursuits and its moral condition, remains nearly the same, especially among those who possess the advantages of high birth and wealth. From the reign of Charles the Second to the present hour, there is little difference in the essential, though hidden, characteristics of high life: lords and ladies have, for the most part, been luxurious, prodigal, dissipated, and incontinent; and whether their outward manners have been sketched to the life by the comic

dramatists (male and female), whose scandalous representations were the admiration of the town in the reign of the merry monarch,—or whether they are designated (with equal fidelity as regards the surface) by the decorous muse of Cumberland, and others of the last generation,—it may safely be affirmed, and it is capable of proof, that there is little or no difference in the actual amount of virtue and vice extant in successive races of what are called “the quality.” Still, the outward manifestation of manners is highly amusing; and pictures of it, by a competent hand, are useful, not only to the man of the world, but to the philosophical observer: to one, as acquainting him with details which it is at least convenient he should know; and to the other, as affording scope for speculation on the ingenuity by which the same thing is able, chameleon-like, to change its colours.

The present manners of the society here referred to have seldom been sketched with the spirit and grace of the volumes before us; and the picture offered to our contemplation certainly gives us a high idea of the refinement of personal deportment, and of the light and gay wit which, it would seem, distinguishes the conversation of persons in high life. In the latter particular, however, we should be cautious how we admit the evidence of the fair writer of this novel, whose sparkling talent may invest folly and fashion with a gaiety and wit it does not possess.

But if in this it be necessary to receive her evidence with something of distrust, we think the other parts of her sketches—such as those which regard the deeper and more secret state of society in the high places—may be relied on, as drawn too truly from actual life: and so may those delineations which embody the separate divisions of the class; to wit, the haughty countess, whose dissipation and guilt invest her with a tragic dignity—the lively *belle esprit*, hovering for ever, in words and actions, on the borders of vice, without committing herself—the male *roué*, ready to weep over a day not signalled by mischief—the *parvenu*, wasting his money in ineffectual attempts to become one of the *élite*—the match-making mother, who devoutly believes that nothing wrong can possibly co-exist with 20,000*l.* a-year—and the young wife, who is compelled to listen to doctrines which render it *mauvais ton* to love and respect her husband. The interest of the narration, indeed, mainly consists in the history of a personage of the last description. Lady Willersdale, one of the heroines (for there are two), soon after her marriage with a nobleman high in the ministry, is solicited by the libertine persuasions of a Colonel Seymour. From the danger of these advances she is rescued by the retirement of her husband from the administration, and by his subsequent visit to his ancestral estates in Ireland. In this part of the story, the other heroine is introduced; and here the current of the tale is a little dashed with romance—a departure from the actual fidelity of the other parts of the narrative, which is not altogether agreeable to our taste. The guardian of Florence Dudley is a poetical enthusiast, given to vain reveries and mystical theories; and he details a wild story, in which it is impossible not to see that he industriously assisted in bringing his troubles on himself. O, the mischief which results from an early and an exclusive addiction to romance, and poetry, and German mysticism! Lady Willersdale, having imbibed, with the pure air of the Irish hills, an abundant stock of virtue and firmness, returns to town with Flo-

rence Dudley, who has been consigned, by her guardian, to the care of her ladyship. In London, however, the old snares are set again for Lady Willersdale. Colonel Seymour, now enabled by a title, renews his licentious addresses, and persecutes with his love, not alone Lady Willersdale, but her young charge, Florence; and a guilty result is avoided only by a sudden disclosure, which, not to forestall the reader's surprise, we will not detail. This main subject is diversified by under plots, and by a variety of characters: some of the comic personifications would not disgrace the author of the *School for Scandal*. The highly-wrought portraiture of Lady Danvers is in another mood—beautiful, ambitious, fascinating, dark, and profligate, she stands out in the picture, like a Circe, into whose spells one might the more willingly cast one's-self, in proportion to the obviousness of the danger. We scarcely recollect any thing more striking than the description of a fête at the villa of this lady; during which Lady Willersdale is betrayed into the seductive toils of Seymour. Isabella Vyvyan is a delightful rattle, who keeps up the badinage of conversation with an untiring spirit; and old Lady Mordaunt, with her accommodating morals and perpetual allusions to the wisdom of her daughter Lilfield, is a dowager of the genuine sort. We must find room for a specimen of this worthy lady.

“In one respect Lady Mordaunt's deportment fully justified her alarms. Her raptures at the aspect of her daughter's brilliant establishment were unbounded; but she began to lament with vociferous eagerness the irregularity and extravagance which Helen's inexperience must necessarily introduce into its details; and to expose her own theory of domestic economy with a parsimonious minuteness, that would have done honour to the white-soup housekeeper. Fortunately, the gentlemen were engrossed by the discussion of a theoretical pamphlet upon political economy, by a new author—one of those miraculous aloes, whose blossoming, men run to stare at for a day, and whose insipid leaves regain the next their original obscurity. Lady Mordaunt's next step was to visit the luxurious retirement of Lady Willersdale's own apartments; to marvel at its splendours; and to expatiate on the happiness of the possessor of so many mother-of-pearl combs and agate brushes. But even the sterling glory of the casket of diamonds did not subdue her restless curiosity touching the dormitory capabilities of the mansion. Till she had ascertained that there was a spare bed open to her speculations for ‘dear Jane,’ the daughter of the Mordaunt succession house, whose presentation was fixed for the following spring, she did not concede her perfect and unqualified approbation to the arrangements in Hamilton Place. ‘What a lovely harp—sandal-wood and steel!—French, of course?—I hope, my dear Helen, it is not an extravagance of yours?—Your own old favourite double action, which your father so generously gave up to you on your marriage, was a most superior instrument!’ ‘The tone of this little *bijou* is excellent. It was a *galanterie* from Lady Danvers.’ ‘Oh! if it is her ladyship's selection, it must be perfect. And, by the way, Helen, you can have no occasion for the old harp now, with this treasure in your hands. Poor Jane is always missing it.’ ‘My dear mamma, it shall be sent down to my sister without delay.’ ‘Lady Danvers appears very kind to you, my dear; I hope you omit no occasion of cultivating her friendship. Those kind of people are easily conciliated by a little delicate sub-

servience to their whims. My daughter Lilfield was observing to me, only the other day, of how much use Lady Danvers might be to the girls. Poor Jane will be looking to you to help her about Almacks.’ ‘I recollect that my sister formerly entertained a very indifferent opinion of her character.’ ‘Hush! my dear Helen—hush! How do you know that your maid is not in the next room? One cannot be too cautious in speaking of character:—personality is as dangerous as it is vulgar. My daughter Lilfield very sensibly observes, that we should talk of things, and not of persons.’ ‘Believe me, she has not always adhered to her own maxim in Lady Danvers's case.’ ‘My dear, your sister is a very well-judging woman. Her family increases; she has already several daughters, most of them promising to be ugly. Now, I only ask you whether she would be wise, under such circumstances, to neglect a woman holding Lady Danvers's place in society?’ ‘With due deference to the ugliness of my little nieces, I should say—certainly. With her opinion of Honoria's character, my sister, as the guardian of her daughters, has a double motive for shunning such an acquaintance.’ ‘Your argument only proves, my dear Helen, how little you know of the world; I had hoped, indeed, that your intercourse with the circle in which you are so fortunate as to move, would give you a clearer insight into things. Nothing can exceed the impertinence of presuming to give laws to society; any person whom you find favoured by its good opinion, you have no right to suppose unworthy the distinction. It argues a very uncharitable persuasion of one's own merit, to be the first to throw the stone, and fix the stigma of reprobation upon another—as my daughter Lilfield very sensibly observes.’ ‘Pray do not suppose, mamma, that I affect such a severity of matronly virtue. I am only curious to know by what process Honoria's character has become bleached at Beech Park. I once heard it hinted down to the lowest degree of degradation; and I should be glad to hear how Anna Maria had managed to hint it up again.’ ‘My dear Lady Willersdale,’ said her mother, with earnest solemnity, ‘let me beg of you to make this the great rule of your conduct in your association with the world—that every woman who lives under her husband's protection, has a right to be considered a woman of character. It was the regulation established by the late Queen Charlotte—the purity of whose court was proverbial. Your husband's mother was a lady-in-waiting; ask him, and he will tell you that no interest or influence could ever persuade her majesty to receive a *décorée*, or a natural daughter; but no objection was ever made to the appearance at court of a woman living with her husband, let her conduct be what it might.’ ‘How important it must have been in those days to secure an alliance with a man of a mean spirit, or unobservant mind! How necessary to add hypocrisy to one's other vices!’ ‘You must surely have read that hypocrisy is ‘*un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu*!’ ‘A very despicable tribute.’ ‘Perhaps so, but not the less vital to the interests of society. Now there is your sister Lilfield! I do not know a woman more strict in her own conduct, or more scrupulous respecting female character in general; but she has had a difficult part, a very difficult part, to play among her neighbours at Beech Park. You remember that pretty place on the hill, about a mile from Durham,—a white house with an avenue, and fine conservatories, and

every thing respectable about it? Well, who do you think took it last year? Why, that unhappy daughter of our Kentish neighbour, Mrs. Worsley, who ran away from her husband—'With a cousin, to whom she had been engaged from her infancy, and during whose absence in the Peninsula, she was compelled to marry old Admiral Vyse. Yes; I remember it all: she was divorced.' 'And is now married to her seducer. They live entirely in the country, and, as I understand, in the most quiet and respectable manner. She has a village school, which, I am told, equals the one at Beech Park; but I never say so before Anna Maria, for you know it is her weak point. Well, my dear, when these people settled themselves in Durham, poor Mrs. Worsley over-persuaded me to write to Lady Lilfield, and remind her, that her daughter had once been her playfellow, and that her humility and penitence almost equalled her former offences; in short, that any notice conferred upon her from Beech Park would be a serious obligation to the whole family, and a Christian mercy to the unhappy creature.' 'Poor Mrs. Worsley! her pride must have been bitterly rebuked by writing such a letter.' 'And your sister really shewed so much character—so much nerve—for her's was a very trying predicament. She wrote me in answer—and it was a very sensible, well-worded letter,—just such a one as I could shew the Worsleys—she wrote me that she had always held the example of her late majesty a mirror of domestic virtue; and that as Queen Charlotte had made it her rule to discourage vice by receiving no divorce at her court, she felt herself under the necessity of declining Mrs. Meynell's visits at Beech Park! Now that is what I call character—presence of mind.' 'Mind!' reiterated Lady Willersdale, throwing down the rose she had been unconsciously tearing to pieces; 'and my sister, too, who attends all the public days at Delville castle!' 'But, my dear, the Duchess of Delville, notorious as she is, lives under the protection of her husband.' 'An honour shared by her grace with half a dozen *ci-decant* housemaids. Lord Willersdale assures me, mamma, that the conduct of that woman is a disgrace to her sex.' 'Pray, my dear, speak lower. Why, I own my daughter Lilfield saw such things going on between her and Sir Ralph Harborton last year, when she was staying at the castle, as absolutely horrified her. But then, you know, the duke is lord-lieutenant of the county; besides, Anna Maria is undeviating in her rules of conduct.' The tap of Vernon, the accomplished groom of the chambers, announcing dinner, fortunately interrupted Lady Willersdale's comment of reply."

We had marked several other passages for quotation, but our room is exhausted. We have been much pleased with the grace, originality, and spirit of the work. The romantic episode, indeed, as we have already said, is an impertinence in a story describing the actual state of modern society. The barbarous mixture of the French and English languages is another fault; but this was necessary, we suppose, in order to give a representation of the mode of fashionable parlance. With regard to character and incident, we may venture to predict that this production will be frequently resorted to, not only as furnishing a degree of amusement seldom to be met with in books of this class, but as an authentic record of the *Manners of the Day*, particularly of the state of female society in the present time, which we think has never been so

thoroughly examined and so attractively depicted. It is, in the true sense of the words, a lady's book.

The Modern Traveller; a Description, Geographical, Historical, and Topographical, of the various Countries of the Globe. Edited by Josiah Conder. In 30 vols.; with numerous Maps and Engravings. London, 1830. James Duncan.

As the thirtieth and concluding volume of this admirably intelligent and useful work is passing through the press, we think it a duty, still more to the public than even to those individuals to whom the public is indebted for such a performance, to call the general attention to its value. Every reader of voyages and travels, every traveller, every man conversant with books of geography, knows the extreme difficulty of obtaining accurate and yet comprehensive information from any number of the rapid publications of our day. The lively and pleasant sketches of our tourists, in their nature slight, desultory, and taken from different points of the same territory, or with different principles of inquiry, actually tend to repel and overwhelm the reader. The purpose of the *Modern Traveller* was to collect the truth from all quarters; to correct the varying statements, by judicious comparison; to fill up the vacancies which the imperfect knowledge of the individual writer left in his detail; and finally, to present the whole in a connected statement, free from all prejudice, as free from error as extreme diligence could make it, as comprehensive as the most general research could compass, and condensed to a degree that might place it within the reach of every class of intellectual society.

No kind of publication could have been better timed; for this is the age of travel. The closing of the continent by the war made the greater portion of it *terra incognita* to the English gentleman. Peace, which threw open the continent, has with it thrown open the world. The Spanish colonies, the seat of a new and extraordinary experiment in the great art of legislation, have been like countries suddenly raised out of the bosom of the ocean. Asia has been the scene of new and progressive triumphs of civilisation, and of extended discovery. The new facilities of European intercourse have brought Egypt and Asia Minor—the most interesting countries of the old historic times—almost to our doors. Russia has suddenly developed her powers, and started into the magnitude of a conquering people and sovereign of the East; and Turkey, the sullen mysteries of whose government and religion so long defied or awed European research, has seen her hereditary veil of tyranny, superstition, and blood, rent from top to bottom by the sword.

The period at which the present work commenced was thus fortunate; ten years before, it must have given us conjecture for knowledge; and even ten years hence, the probable intercourse of nations might have so far smoothed away or disfigured the peculiar features of her great communities, that the striking source of knowledge and interest arising from the original character of nations, would have passed away.

But the still more important circumstance is, that no work can be found in our language, or any other, equal to supply the place of the *Modern Traveller*. The Encyclopædias are confessedly unfit, from their want of space, for geographical and historical detail; and not less from their perverse scantiness of authorities.

The size of the volumes ought not to be mistaken for a proof of their being adapted only for the young. The size must have been determined merely with a view to the reader's convenience; but the most shewy quarto does not contain matter more worthy of the embellishments of typography; and these thirty duodecimos would have been, in the ordinary style of printing, at least so many octavos, at twice their charge.

The *Modern Traveller* has had the merit of giving the original model of *Constable's Miscellany*, the *Family Library*, *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, &c., and thus introducing a new style of publication, which will probably in a few years make all the best literature of Europe accessible to all ranks of its people. It has had the merit of keeping its compact religiously with the public: from the publication of its first volume—Palestine, to its last—America—it has appeared with singular punctuality; and what is of more importance, with an actual and obvious improvement at every step of its progress. The early volumes are able and striking; but the later narratives of the "British Settlements in India," and the "Histories of North and South America," are fully equal to the best specimens of local history in our language.

A very important feature in this work is its references. Without any invidious comparison between it and other works published for popular reading, we must observe, that a glance at the foot of its pages will lead the reader at once to the proofs and vouchers of the facts; with the additional advantage of directing him to the sources of that information which his particular purposes may require,—a matter of very peculiar value to every man who reads for the manlier objects of study; and the deficiency of which, in the multitude of *Tours and Treatises* which now overflow the public, renders them little more than the amusement of an idle hour.

Another point of interest is the geography; which, peculiarly in the newly-visited regions of the earth, is of course left in a confused state, by travellers hurrying from place to place, and naturally unacquainted with the features of the country, or unable to make themselves masters of the satisfactory means of information. The truth, under those circumstances, is not to be sought in a solitary volume. Comparison is the only source of certainty; and in the case of the present publication, that comparison will be found to have been instituted with the closest attention to fidelity in both the narrative and the maps. Accuracy in the statistical tables is not less important; and it will be found that the same process has been adopted to secure the same invaluable result. The tables of the best statistical writers have been consulted and checked by each other.

The embellishments also, which depict striking objects or peculiar habits, or can be subservient to any purpose of rational curiosity, have been added; the typography has been carefully attended to; and we have seen few works printed with more clearness, neatness, and avoidance of errors. One of the striking advantages of the work is, that its portions are so accurately divided, that the complete description of any one kingdom or region may be had, separate from the rest, with all its features of history, both civil and natural, politics, &c. While the whole series gives, at a singularly moderate price, and in the most convenient form, a body of knowledge alto

gether unequalled for extent, arrangement, and correctness of information.

As the *Modern Traveller* passed in monthly numbers through the press, we had frequent opportunities of observing its merits; but feeling it a duty to the public,—a duty whose observance we trust has long distinguished the *Literary Gazette*,—to make merit known, without consideration of person or publisher, just as freely as demerit; we now repeat, at the close of this series, and repeat with the fullest cordiality, our respect for the intelligence and activity of its editor, for the spirit and good faith of its publisher, and for the manly, useful, and comprehensive knowledge of the work itself.

We have only to add, that it is dedicated (by permission) to his Majesty, in the following expressive words:—

“TO

THE KING,

Under whose pacific Sceptre Divine Providence has placed more than a sixth portion of the HUMAN RACE:—

THE CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCH OF THE BRITANNIC ISLANDS;
THE KING OF HANOVER;
THE LORD HIGH PROTECTOR OF IONIAN GREECE;
THE SOVEREIGN PARAMOUNT OF INDIA, CEYLON, AND AUSTRALIA;
AND
PROTECTOR OF THE POLYNESIAN ISLANDS;
THE LORD OF SOUTHERN AFRICA AND SERENAMPRA, OF THE WESTERN INDIES, THE CANADA, AND NORTHERNMOST AMERICA;—

This Attempt

TO PRESENT AN ACCURATE AND AUTHENTIC DESCRIPTION OF THE VARIOUS COUNTRIES OF THE GLOBE,
DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM THE REPORTS OF BRITISH TRAVELLERS,

WITH HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
AS THE HOMAGE OF HIS MAJESTY'S HUMBLE SERVANT,
AND LOYAL SUBJECT,
JOSIAH CONDER.”

Fitz of Fitz-Ford; a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols. London, 1830. Smith and Elder.

MRS. BRAY is evidently a lady whose natural literary tastes have been most carefully cultivated, and who adds to love of information the most commendable industry. In the work before us, an old and interesting legend, in being made the subject of a modern tale, has had every possible pains bestowed upon it, till its accessories are in perfect truth as well as in keeping, and the likeness and manners of the times are preserved with perfect historical exactness; and many a one who would turn from the difficulties of a graver work, will, almost imperceptibly, acquire that knowledge of the customs of former days—so desirable a branch of information,—from these able volumes. The ensuing fragment is, we think, well adapted for extract.

“After I left Mistress Mary Granville to come to Dame Fitz, it seems she went to London, and there had a sweetheart that her father knew nothing about, and I have heard he was no great things as to character, and, what was worse, he had no money.” “Filthy lucre!” cried Barnabas; “never thought of by love and the muses. Love, Mistress Alice, is therefore represented blind, that he might not be dazzled by gold; no bad idea that for my next sonnet.” The housekeeper proceeded: “Now, some how or other, my master, Sir Hugh Fitz, happened to be in London too, and he learnt all about the love-affair going on with Mistress Mary, and knew a great deal about the young man, who was then a sailor or a soldier, though an officer to be sure; and so Sir Hugh told the judge all about his daughter’s secret love; and up goes Judge Glanville, though the sizes were near at hand, and he had to sit in court—but up he goes to

London, as if he had been sent there with a flea in his ear—and I suppose soon settled the business; and I fancy he thought the best way to drive out the old love from her head was to give his daughter a new one; for the next thing I heard was that she was married to the rich Sir John Page of Plymouth—a man old enough to be her father. You mind, Sir John Page, I dare say, Master Barnabas?” Barnabas shook his head, something in the same way in which Whackum did, to “stir his wit up,” for he looked rather drowsy: “I remember having seen him when I was a boy at Plymouth,” said Barnabas; “for Sir John was many years older than myself; but he was hated for a miser, and every body wondered how such a sensible, respectable man as Judge Glanville, came to marry his daughter to Sir John Page.” “Why, I believe he did it,” said Mistress Alice, “just as people sometimes take one ill thing to be rid of a worse; for they say he never thought his daughter safe till she was married; so much he lived in fear that her first good-for-nothing lover would run off with her, and so married she was. And a great lady, they say, she then wanted to be. But Sir John Page would never let her touch a penny but what he doled to her, like a miser as he was; and so as he grew more and more stingy, she grew more and more violent in her temper, and a dog-and-cat life of it they led together, till, in short, the old lover came back again, and she ran away with him from her husband.” “And the lover and the husband measured swords and fought, of course?” said Mike of the Mount. “No, that they did not,” replied Mistress Alice. “You shall hear:—the old man liked her well enough, for all her quarrelling and haughty airs and her wickedness, and people did say he was a Christian, though he was as stingy as a Jew; and so he wished to reclaim her, and not to give her up as a cast-away. After above a twelve-month’s hunting about, Sir Hugh Fitz, who acted as lawyer in the business for Sir John Page, again found her out; and he and her father, Judge Glanville, got her home again, and Page took back his run-away wife, and treated her more severely than ever, in the hope to humble and reform her. And then came the dreadful part of the story—but I don’t like to tell it, for it is too shocking to repeat.” “And what was it?” said Mike of the Mount, whose curiosity was much heightened by this declaration. “Is she alive or dead?” “Alive!” cried the housekeeper, and she shook her head, raised her hands, that were clasped together, and added, in an emphatic manner: “She died a fearful death—but there was one died more cruelly than she did, for she deserved her fate—but, poor Judge Glanville! I shall never forget when he sat upon the bench, and—” “And what?” exclaimed Mike of the Mount. “And passed the sentence of death upon his own daughter,” said the housekeeper. “The sentence of death upon his own daughter? for what crime?” cried Mike of the Mount. “For murder!” said Mistress Alice. “The murder of her husband.” “*Horrenda narras!*” exclaimed Barnabas. There was a deep pause in the company. A cold shudder stole over every eager listener to this dreadful tale. Mistress Alice was the first to break it, as she thus continued: “I saw Judge Glanville,—and she wiped the tear from her eye as she spoke,—‘I saw him put on the black cap as he rose from his seat. Good God! how he looked! he was as white as a sheet, but there was not a tear in his eye, though we all saw he trembled. Yet he pronounced, word for word, the awful sen-

tence of the law, in a voice as clear and as deep as a bell. He did not look at the prisoner. But when he came to the words ‘dead! dead!’ it seemed they sounded to him like his own knell, for then his voice failed him; yet he finished, and, turning to his daughter, as he said ‘the Lord have mercy on your soul,’ all the father broke out at once; tears rushed to his eyes, and in another minute he was carried senseless out of the court.” “*O calamitatem!*” cried Barnabas. “And his daughter,” said Mike of the Mount. Mistress Alice bent her head forward, and said in a low voice, “She was burnt alive! for to murder a husband, they say, is treason! and her poor father has never held up his head since; he is a melancholy, broken-hearted man.”

We have one parting remark to make, in the way of advice; and it is against overloading the pages with description—local description especially: nothing but poetical talent, and that of the highest order, will ever make scenes of “mountain, valley, field, and flood,” sufficiently picturesque in the telling to interest the reader; and Sir Walter Scott, instead of being a pattern, should be held up as a beacon;—for perhaps one of the most peculiar of even his peculiar powers, is his graphic and vivid faculty of description: but we can readily believe Mrs. Bray has too much natural taste not to feel the beauty of the country now her home. We cannot conclude without commending the portrait drawn of the Jew—it is as finely as it is liberally sketched; and these volumes are indeed (though, from the connectedness of their narrative, and incompressibility of their descriptions, sore affairs for the reviewer to illustrate) an addition to the high literary character of the fair and popular writer.

A Civil and Ecclesiastical History of England; from the first Invasion of Britain to the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829. By C. St. George. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. J. Maunders; Keating and Brown.

“ST. GEORGE for England!” should have been the motto to this new edition of our history; of which we have only to say, that it is carefully compiled, and has had beneficial references to Bisset, Lingard, and others of the latest writers on the subject.

The Family Classical Library. Vol. II. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

WE are glad to observe that the editors of this excellent publication have adopted the hint we threw out on noticing its first volume; and, having finished the orator Demosthenes about half-way through this volume, have taken up the more widely popular class of the ancient historians with the pleasing labours of Sallust. We by no means desire to exclude the poets and rhetoricians; but it will be judicious to mingle them, in due proportions, with the more attractive records of the Greek and Roman empires. The busts of Demosthenes and Sallust, very handsomely engraved, adorn this neat and correct version of their works.

Times of Trial. By Mary Ann Kelly. Post 8vo. pp. 470. London, 1830. Longman and Co.; Cambridge, Stevenson.

THE author of *Religious Thoughts*, and other publications of a grave character, has here given us a concise account of the progress of the Reformation, and of the sufferings of some of the reformers. Her selections from our old writers are fairly made; and she appears

throughout to be anxious to impress the incalculable value of religion upon the minds of her readers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. SOCIETY OF ARTS.

JAN. 26.—The subject of the present evening's illustration was furs and the fur trade. The specimens of furs exhibited were in great abundance and of the finest quality, being furnished by the zeal and liberality of Messrs. Poland, members of the Society. Stuffed specimens also of the principal fur-bearing animals, many of great rarity, were contributed by the Zoological Society.

A paper on the subject was read by the secretary, Mr. Aiken. Commencing from the earliest periods of historical record, he stated, that while Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, were occupied by civilised nations, cultivators of the soil, and clothed in manufactured fabrics of wool, linen, or cotton; the grassy plains north of the Caucasus, extending from the Aral sea to the mouths of the Danube, were traversed by independent tribes of horsemen-shepherds, clothed in skins and fur. At the common frontier of the two countries some exchange of commodities took place, and hence were probably derived the *soft skins* mentioned in the apocryphal book of Judith, which is the first record of the use of furs as an article of dress by civilised nations.

The Jews, he observed, seem not to have indulged in this luxury, being probably precluded by the enactments of the Mosaic law respecting unclean animals; the Greeks looked upon furs as badges of rusticity and barbarism; and the Romans seem to have held them in peculiar abhorrence. The inhabitants of Media and Mesopotamia, or Persians in the largest sense of that word, seem to have been the only civilised people of antiquity by whom furs were worn. The district of Tereodon, in Babylonia, became the centre of the fur trade, and is represented as such by Elian in his book on animals.

He then proceeded to shew, by quotations from classical writers, the peculiar sentiments of the Romans respecting the use of fur, and shewed, on the authority of the poet Claudian, that to dress in fur was considered, even as late as the year 390, a decided proof of barbarism. Next he shewed, from Tacitus and Sidorius, that the use of furs was common to the Gothic, as well as to the Sarmatic tribes.

"Thus the whole northern and eastern frontier of the Roman empire was covered by nations of warlike barbarians clothed in furs, except where long intercourse with the Roman garrisons had introduced, in some degree, the use of cloth."

In the sixth century the frontier of the empire was broken through, and various tribes, chiefly of Gothic stock, established themselves in Gaul and Italy. The conquerors, while they adopted much of the luxury of the civilised countries that they overran, retained their old taste for furs. It now, however, became rather a luxury than a necessity. The coarser kinds were replaced by manufactured fabrics, and the richer sorts were purchased at high prices, and brought from great distances. It appears from Jordanes, that sables were brought to Italy from Sweden; and large quantities of Pontic, Babylonian, or Armenian mice, were obtained through Cappadocia and the Italian commerce in the Euxine sea.

The Secretary then observed, that the animals thus designated were ermines. The name by which this creature is known in the Latin

and French documents of the middle ages is *Hermelin*, obviously the same word as the Italian word *Armellino*, Armenian.

He then entered into the history of the ermine; and in proof of the immense number of skins required to supply the demand, quoted an entry of Stephen de la Fontaine, master of the robes to Louis IX. in 1251, from which it appears, that a single dress of that sovereign was lined with 742 ermine skins.

The heraldic history of furs succeeded; the four noble furs, the sable, the ermine, the vair, and the gris, were treated of and explained.

The commerce in furs in the time of Charlemagne was then illustrated; and it was shewn that the age of the Crusades was the period when it chiefly flourished. The most esteemed furs of that period, namely, the four just mentioned, and the meniver, were described, and specimens exhibited.

The nature and extent of the English fur trade with Russia, in the time of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was then explained; and the principal furs obtained from that country were enumerated, and specimens of them shewn.

To this succeeded a rapid and interesting sketch of the American fur trade, as carried on by the French in Canada, by the Hudson's Bay Company, by British adventurers in Canada, after the conquest of that colony from the French, and by the traders of the United States. As the animals became more scarce, the researches of the traders continually proceeded farther and farther to the west, till they have now arrived on the north-west coast of America. In the mean time, the Russians, impelled by the same motives, have been continually proceeding eastward, till, having traversed Asia, and crossed over to the new continent, the fur traders from the west, and those from the east, now find themselves face to face on the western shores of America,—all the fur-ground of the two continents having been culled, though not yet exhausted. The trade, however, may now be considered as having attained, and probably over-passed, the period of its greatest prosperity.

The subject concluded with a statement of the present condition of the fur-trade in England, and with an enumeration of the chief furs of America, illustrated by the exhibition of skins and stuffed specimens.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE long-anticipated explosion of the system under which this Society has been managed, or rather mismanaged, took place on Tuesday, when a committee of independent members was appointed to investigate its affairs. A debt of 19,600*l.* was admitted; and how it is to be liquidated, nobody yet knows; but, it is hoped, supported as the Society still is, that it may be accomplished without "breaking up the concern;" though, if no more good comes of it hereafter than has hitherto been produced, it is little matter how soon the bubble is allowed to burst. As we made bold to say on the occasion of the last idle fête at Chiswick, it is grossly absurd to form great and richly-endowed public bodies, the whole of whose efforts seem to be to administer to the jobs or vanity of a few individuals. Where are the new vegetables, the new flowers, or the new fruits, which this Society has introduced into our gardens during nearly twenty years of lavish expenditure? Echo answers, *Where?* One active nurseryman has done ten times as much.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

Mons. Champollion's Sixteenth Letter.

Thebes, June 20, 1829.

I HAVE devoted the whole of yesterday and of this morning to the study of the melancholy remains of one of the most important monuments of ancient Thebes. This edifice, comparable in extent to the immense palace of Karnac, (the obelisks of which, on the other bank of the river, are hence seen,) has almost entirely disappeared. Some fragments of it still exist, but scarcely shew themselves above the soil of the plain raised by the successive deposits of the inundation, which probably also cover all the masses of granite, of marble, and of other hard materials employed in the decoration of this palace. The largest portion having been constructed with calcareous stones, the barbarians have by degrees broken and converted them into lime, for the purpose of building their miserable hovels; but what the traveller still finds after them, gives him a very high idea of the magnificence of this ancient edifice.

Let the reader imagine a space of about eighteen hundred feet long, levelled by the successive deposits of the inundation, and covered with long grass; but from the surface of which, broken in various places, peep forth ruins of architraves, parts of columns, shafts of pillars, and fragments of enormous bas-reliefs, which the mud of the river has not yet buried, or hidden for ever from the curiosity of travellers. There were there above eighteen columns, the smallest of which was twenty feet high. All these monoliths, of various materials, have been shattered, and their prodigious members are dispersed here and there; some on a level with the soil, others at the bottom of modern excavations. I have collected from these mutilated remains the names of a great many Asiatic nations, whose captive chiefs were represented around the base of these columns, typifying their conqueror, the Pharaoh Amenophis, the third of the name; the same whom the Greeks have wished to confound with the Memnon of their heroic fables. These legends already shew that we are here on the site of the celebrated Theban edifice known by the Greeks under the name of the Memnonium. It is this which Messrs. Jollois and Develliers, in their excellent description of these ruins, endeavoured to prove by considerations of another kind.

The best-preserved monuments in the midst of this frightful devastation of the objects of the first order of which I have yet to speak, would establish still more strongly, if that were necessary, that these ruins are really those of the Memnonium of Thebes, or palace of Memnon, called Amenophion by the Egyptians, from the name of its founder, and which I find mentioned in a heap of hieroglyphic inscriptions on the hypogæa in the neighbourhood, where formerly reposed the mummies of several great officers, entrusted during their life with the guard or the maintenance of this magnificent edifice.

It is towards the extremity of the ruins, and on the side of the river that still stand, reigning over the plain of Thebes, the two famous colossi, about sixty feet high, one of which (that on the north) enjoys so great a celebrity under the name of the Colossus of Memnon. Formed each of a single block of marble freestone, brought from the quarries of the upper Thebaid, and placed on immense bases of the same material, they both represent a Pharaoh, seated, his hands spread on his knees, in an

attitude of repose. I have in vain sought to discover the cause of the strange error of the respectable and intelligent Denon, who would have these statues considered as those of two Egyptian princesses. The hieroglyphic inscriptions still subsisting, such as those which cover the back of the trunk of the colossus on the south, and the sides of the two bases, leave no doubt respecting the nature and the rank of the personage of whom these wonderful monoliths exhibit the features, and perpetuate the memory. The inscription on the back signifies textually—"The powerful Aroeris, the moderator of moderators, &c. the sun-king, the lord of truth (or justice), the lord of diadems, Amenophth, the moderator of the pure region, the well-beloved of Amon-Ra, &c., the resplendent Horus, he who has aggrandised the residence * * * (a chasm) * * * for ever, has erected these structures in honour of his father Amon; he has dedicated to him this colossal statue of hard stone, &c." And on the sides of the bases we read in large hieroglyphics, of above a foot in proportion, executed, especially those of the colossus on the north, with a perfection and an elegance above all praise, the legend or particular device, the prenomens, and the proper name of the king whom the colossi represent:

"The lord sovereign of the upper region and of the lower region, the reformer of manners, he who keeps the world in repose, the Horus who, great in his strength, has smitten the barbarians, the sun-king, the lord of truth, the son of the sun, Amenophth, the moderator of the pure region, cherished by Amon-Ra, the king of the gods."

These are the titles and names of the third Amenophis of the eighteenth dynasty, who occupied the throne of the Pharaohs about the year 1680 before the Christian era. Thus we find a complete justification of the assertion which Pausanias puts into the mouth of the Thebans of his time, who maintained that this colossus was not at all the image of the Memnon of the Greeks, but rather that of a man of the country, called Ph-Amenoph.

To all appearance, these two colossi decorated the exterior façade of the principal pylon of the Amenophion; and, notwithstanding the state of dilapidation to which barbarism and fanaticism have reduced these ancient monuments, we may judge of the elegance, and of the extreme care and address, introduced into their execution, by those of the accessory figures forming the decoration of the anterior part of the throne of each colossus. They are whole-length female figures, sculptured in the very mass of each monolith, and not less than fifteen feet high. The magnificence of their head-dresses, and the rich details of their costume, are perfectly in unison with the rank of the personages of whom they recall the remembrance. The hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved on these statues, forming in some sort the anterior feet of the throne of each statue of Amenophis, inform us that the figure on the left represents an Egyptian queen, the king's mother, called Tmau-Hem-Va, or rather Mant-Hem-Va, and the figure on the right the queen-spouse of the same Pharaoh, Taia, whose name has before been given in a heap of monuments. I was also acquainted with the name of the wife of Thouthmosis IV., Tmau-Hem-Va, the mother of Amenophis-Memnon, by the bas-reliefs of the palace of Louqsor, mentioned in the rapid notice which I sketched of that important edifice.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair.—Major-general Stratton was proposed. Two papers were read, entitled, "Remarks on several icebergs which have been met with in unusually low latitudes in the southern hemisphere," by Captain Jas. Horsburgh, hydrographer to the East India Company. The second paper was on "the law of the partial polarization of light by reflection," by Dr. Brewster. Presents to the Society: Lord Mahon's *Belisarius*; Fourth No. of Benet's *Ceylon Fishes*; Tenth No. of National Portrait Gallery; Three last vols. of the Spanish Nautical Almanac, from the King of Spain; and various other works.

The following is the Croonian lecture, read at a recent meeting; it is entitled, "Report on the peculiarities met with in the stomach of the Zariffa;" * by Sir Everard Home, Bart. In common with other ruminant quadrupeds, the zariffa has a stomach consisting of four cavities. The efflorescence which lines the paunch is similar to that of the bullock, but is more prominent. The second cavity is destitute of the cellular structure met with in other ruminants; but the third and fourth cavities exhibit no peculiarities. The cud, formed from the leaves and twigs of the acacia, which are the natural food of the zariffa, is so succulent as not to require being again moistened in passing through the second stomach, as is the case with grass. This cavity is, therefore, not furnished with the cells which are provided for this purpose in herbivorous quadrupeds. The paper was illustrated by three drawings of the structure of the parts described.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At the last meeting, Mr. H. Gurney in the chair. A most interesting communication from the president (Lord Aberdeen) was read, which was addressed to him by Lord Dudley Stewart, respecting the recent discovery of about 2000 vases of Etruscan manufacture, and which discovery will probably occasion some discussion as to the superiority of Roman over Grecian art.

On the 21st ulto., Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair: a paper by Dr. Henderson was read, descriptive of two paintings lately discovered at Pompeii. Mr. Amyot communicated a copy of a MS. belonging to Mr. J. P. Collier, entitled "Certain instructions to my Lord Privy Seal;" being a defence of a representation made to Thomas Lord Cromwell by George Constantine, of certain verbal intercourse which he had with the Dean and Prebendary of Westbury. Among the donations, a folio volume, containing the original sketches of Murphy's *Batalha*, was presented to the Society by Mr. Crofton Croker: and last Thursday week—Mr. Amyot, treasurer, in the chair—the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. was continued and concluded.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH GALLERY.

LIKE the oasis in the desert, this, the earliest of the Exhibitions of the year, breaks cheerily in upon the dreariness of the present season. We hail it with delight, as the first indication of the approach of spring; and are grateful for the opportunity which its opening affords us, to pass suddenly from the chilling monotony and desolation of aspect which the snow-

* His Majesty's Giraffe at Windsor, lately dissected there.

covered streets of the metropolis now wear, into the midst of glowing and varied beauty, displayed in all the splendid and attractive forms with which either the memory or the imagination of the artist enables him to enrich his canvass. In our last No. we stated generally that the collection reflected great honour on our native school: we shall now proceed, in our accustomed manner, briefly to notice such of the works of which it consists as, from various circumstances, have left the strongest impressions upon our minds. To begin with the beginning:

No. 1. *Italian Boys*. A. Moreton.—A large composition, representing a group of boys amusing themselves with making a dog leap over a stick. Evidently an imitation of Murillo; not so black as that master too frequently is; but, at the same time, it must be confessed, not so simple and forcible.

No. 12. *The Young Peasant*. Mrs. Carpenter.—A charming little picture; full of simplicity and character, and admirably coloured. The subject is an interesting child of five or six years of age (the fair artist's, we guess), holding up its clothes above the ankle, and paddling with naked feet in a shallow, transparent brook, fringed by deep-tinted foliage.

No. 16. *Morning*. H. Howard, R.A.—O that we could see such a morning!—beautifully bright and promising! The figures are like deers, floating clouds, and finely personify the dawn.

No. 18. *The Guardian*. G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—We should rather say "the Gaoler"—for never was countenance more strongly marked with austerity and rigour. "Fast bind, fast find," is the sentiment which its expression announces. The whole is executed in a fine broad style of art.

No. 19. *The Execution of the Dogs*. Vide Lord Byron. J. West.—Of the same character as the *Hall of Cedric*, by the same artist, which so powerfully attracted our attention last year. The composition is singularly simple and well-conceived. It is evident, from the expression of the spectators, the principal of whom is a female with a child in her arms, looking over a balustrade, that a dreadful tragedy is performing; although the only visible indications of it are the sword and part of the raised arms of the executioner. The tone of colour is remarkably deep and old-master-like.

No. 23. *Plate and Fruit*. G. Lance.—Nothing can exceed the brilliance of this little assemblage of richly-coloured objects. It sparkles like a real diamond.

No. 25. *The Duenna*. G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—There is great raciness and originality in every thing that proceeds from Mr. Newton's pencil. In the present clever work the youthful object of the duenna's vigilance has, it is clear, been detected in returning, from her opened lattice, the ardent glances of some gay innamorato; and her pouting, yet still beautiful, countenance indicates her annoyance at the interruption. Mr. Newton (as well as others of our artists) should attend a little more to his perspective. Standing where the old lady is represented to stand, it would be quite impossible for her to touch her fair charge with her hand.

No. 32. *A Study*. M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—The recent elevation of Mr. Shee to the highly honourable station of President of the Royal Academy, will naturally call the attention of the public more closely to his works; and we dare say the next Exhibition at Somerset House

will shew, in his increased exertions, that he is perfectly aware of that fact. The head under our consideration is in a Spanish costume, and is firmly and vigorously painted. Although Mr. Shee, in the execution of it, probably had Rembrandt in his memory, it nevertheless possesses all the distinguishing characteristics of his own style.

No. 35. *The Dutch Milk-Woman*. P. C. Wonder.—Another imitation of Peter de Hooge; but, although clever, we do not think it equal to that of last year. It wants solidity; and is too green and cold throughout.

No. 38. *The Indian Well*. No. 77. *Zinana*. W. Daniel, R.A.—There are few artists whose talents, and the application of them, have afforded the public a greater variety of interesting productions than Mr. William Daniel. In these two works we have oriental character and costume, and they exhibit themselves in the humbler and in the higher classes of life. In all countries, the love of news and gossip collects around the well the picturesque and frequently beautiful forms of the neighbouring village. It is not surprising that such should be peculiarly the case in India, where its refreshing coolness, and the shade and verdure of its immediate neighbourhood, must be peculiarly attractive. The *Zinana*, on the contrary, represents a female of rank, in the full enjoyment of elegant luxury, lolling on her easy ottoman, listening to soft music, and fanned by her attentive slaves.

No. 43. *The Corsair*. H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.—Able in composition, and powerful in character; but there is a great want of truth in the light and shade, and colouring, which are very different from what the lamp would produce.

No. 49. *Rotterdam*. G. Jones, R.A.—Similar in tone and treatment to former works by the same exceedingly clever artist. Mr. Jones's manner is singularly rich and fine; yet it is a manner. The medium through which he sees nature is beautiful, but invariable. Is she so?

No. 53. *The Stone-Breaker*. Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—Not inferior to any of Mr. Landseer's preceding productions. The character of the principal figure is admirable: it is as hard as the flints which he has been shattering, and it is sweetly contrasted by that of the girl who is bringing her father his dinner;—something savoury, if we may believe honest Trusty.

No. 60. *Highland Music*. Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—Whimsical and entertaining. A piper is blowing one of his loudest blasts; near him are several dogs of different species; some of them listen with apathy, others are alarmed, and one, of superior musical taste and feeling, is uttering a lamentable howl, in testimony of the torture which he is undergoing. Our recollections compel us strongly to sympathise with him.

No. 67. *Antwerp Cathedral*. D. Roberts.—A fine representation of this noble edifice; executed in Mr. Roberts's usual style.

No. 126. *A Bedouin Arab selling his Horse*. R. B. Davis.—The horses in this interesting work are admirably painted, and the costume of the figures is brilliant and picturesque. The farewell embrace which the Arab's wife is giving to the beautiful and favourite animal, from which she is about to part, is a very affecting incident.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, &c. By W. Jerdan, F.S.A., &c. No. X. Fisher and Son.

THIS Number contains the portraits of Mr. Fox, Viscount Beresford, and Mr. Thomas Grenville; the latter, in particular, a fine head, and forcibly engraved, from Hoppner, by T. A. Dean: Lord Beresford's is also a striking portrait, from Sir W. Beechey, by P. W. Tomkins. This publication is rising rapidly; and the exertions of the publishers seem to keep pace with the encouragement they receive—as many new and interesting likenesses are announced.

Michael Faraday, Esq. F.R.S., &c. Painted by H. W. Pickersgill; engraved by S. Cousins. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

To us this portrait has every thing which can recommend a publication of the kind—the subject is interesting, the likeness admirable, and the engraving most skilful. Mr. Faraday's services to the scientific world, his great talents, and his excellent conduct in all those relations of life which fall to his lot, render him peculiarly worthy of the exercise of the artist's best efforts; nor did Mr. Pickersgill fail in doing him ample justice. The picture is a masterly one in every respect; and Mr. Cousins has translated it in a manner the most satisfactory.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LONDON.

LONDON begins to be alive, in spite of frost and snow. Parliament sitting and debating: the Fire King kicked out of his dominions by the Prussic (acid) powers: the Opera opening to-night: the Athenæum Club-house, with all its fine new furniture, on Monday morning; and the Royal College of Physicians their evening fortnight meetings on the same day. Then the French Plays, admirably acted by comedians, whom it is a delight to see and hear in their naive and apparently inartificial performances. We have also new literary projects coming to life. Mr. Buckingham has enlarged himself into an Oriental Quarterly, which, independently of its political articles (no affairs of ours), gives us some interesting papers on eastern travel and customs; and a new monthly, under the name of Fraser's Magazine, has also just been born, with the contents of which, generally, we have been much gratified.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE *National Guard*, or *Bride and no Bride*, a two-act comic opera, from the prolific, but not less constantly successful, pen of Mr. Planché, was produced here on Thursday, and added another waving feather to the writer's dramatic plume. It is chiefly adapted from Scribe's *La Fiancée*, and retains the beautiful music of Auber, to which the lyric talent of Mr. Planché has furnished charming verse. At this late hour, we can only state that, from the drawing up of the curtain to its fall, the piece went off with the happiest effect. Vestris was delightful, both in song and acting; Farren, as usual, admirable; Liston, with less to do, hardly less effective (especially in his quadrille with Vestris); Sinclair singing beautifully, and Cooper, Mrs. Orger, Miss Bartolozzi, Miss Betts, &c. filling up the cast in a manner so strong as to ensure popularity, almost independently of the great merits of the opera.

COVENT GARDEN.

A POOR translation of a common-place French melodrama, called *L'Anneau de la Fiancée*, was enacted here on Monday last, under the title of *Robert the Devil*. It is so undeserving of criticism, that we will not bestow more space upon it than serves us to notice the danger of producing pieces so destitute of claims to representation on the boards of a theatre-royal; and to condole with Mr. Keeley, on being obliged to utter, and to endeavour to give point to, such dialogue. Mrs. Ving's admirable personation of a statue elicited some very deserved rounds of applause; and some music by Barnett was worthy of a better fate than must attend it.

Our old acquaintance the *Maid and the Magpie* was reproduced at this theatre on Thursday evening as an opera, entitled *Ninetta, or the Maid of Palaiseau*, adapted by Mr. Bishop to the music of *La Gazza Ladra*. Miss Paton personated the heroine, and was warmly welcomed after her long and regretted absence from the scene: she both sang and played with great skill and spirit. She is indeed alike the accomplished songstress, the spirited actress, and the lady, in all she does upon the stage. Mr. Morley, a bass singer, made his first appearance as *Delande*: he possesses a firm voice, and displayed considerable talent in the use of it. The remaining characters were well sustained by Bartley, Penson, Wood, Keeley, Mrs. Keeley, Miss H. Cawse, &c. &c.; and the piece was announced for repetition amid the plaudits of a crowded house.

ORATORIOS.

ON Saturday the first Oratorio of the season was produced, under the able direction of Mr. Hawes. The first two acts consisted of selections from the Messiah and Creation; and the third was a miscellaneous act, introducing, among other beautiful and popular pieces, Horsley's pathetic glee, "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue." Though none of the great vocal stars shone on this occasion, (if we except Phillips, whose bass is of the highest order,) yet, with the aid of Miss Hughes, a Miss Dix, and a Miss Bruce, *débütantes*, and Messrs. Goulden, J. O. Atkins, &c. a Mr. Bennet from Manchester, and Mr. Millar from Bath, the performances went off extremely well.

LORD BYRON'S WERNER.

WE observe from the Bristol papers that this tragedy has been produced by Mr. Macready, at the theatre of that city, with extraordinary *éclat*; a result which we should naturally have anticipated, from the great abilities which Mr. Macready would bring to the task, as an adapter of the play for the stage, and his splendid talents as an actor, to realise in performance what he had conceived in the closet. We seldom interfere with dramatic personals; but it is hardly possible to notice this brilliant affair upon the provincial boards, without expressing regret at the absence of its author from the capital, whether occasioned by petty jealousies, or by the hostility of parties, who (as we see from the newspapers*) never lose an opportunity of having a fling at this admirable tragedian. What is the consequence? the Bristolians enjoy the delight of a representation such as London cannot get up; and

* Within the last two or three weeks, paragraphs injurious to Mr. Macready have been industriously circulated: his wardrobe is seized for non-fulfilment of an engagement: he plays to a thin house at Brighton;—any thing to depreciate a man and a gentleman, who is an honour to the profession.

our great theatres are each limited to the meagre list of three or four tragedies, for want of a performer like Macready to sustain leading parts in the best dramas which adorn our literature. A Bristol critic speaks of *Werner*, like *Virginus* and *William Tell*, as being an entire creation of Mr. Macready's—his personation was only interrupted by involuntary bursts of applause, extorted from the audience by his fine and powerful acting; and at the close the most enthusiastic cheering rewarded his arduous toils.

VARIETIES.

French Statistical Society.—A new Society, under the title of *Société Française de Statistique Universelle*, has been founded in Paris by M. Cesar Moreau, who was for some time vice-consul of France in London. The first public meeting of this Society, which has for its object the collecting together and publication of statistical information from all countries, was held in Paris a short time since, and was very fully attended.

Celebes.—Gold abounds in Celebes. The Transactions of the Society of Batavia contain a particular memoir on the mines of gold in this island, by a functionary who examined its mountains for the purpose. A geologist would probably make many more discoveries. But there are, at least near the coasts, districts inhabited by ferocious tribes, who would throw invincible obstacles in the way of scientific research. The quantity of gold in Celebes is probably prodigious. Europeans would soon explore the riches of the mountains: the islanders do not fail partially to benefit by them; but they proceed without art, and never commence a mining operation without having consulted a taleaga, or diviner, who in his turn consults the singing of birds, and makes a sacrifice.

The Annuals.—A work has been published at Paris, under the title of *Album Britannique*, chiefly consisting of a number of pieces, in prose and verse, and twelve engravings, borrowed from the English Annuals, especially from the *Forget me Not*, the *Keepsake*, and the *Amulet*. It also contains a translation of the article which appeared in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, instituting a comparison between Mr. Martin and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Chamber of Deputies.—The following description of the temporary Chamber of Deputies, in addition to what we have formerly given, is extracted from a French paper. In order to form an exact idea of this building, one must imagine a long square, of which the angles have been taken away. In the middle of one of the large sides of the square is the tribune, commanded by the president's chair, which is placed in a recess; and this chair is in its turn commanded by the bust of the king, placed behind it upon an elevated pedestal. The president's bureau is that of the old chamber. The tribune is of boards, and is covered with blue cloth, and ornamented with yellow flowers. Before, and in the middle of the tribune, are two C's interwoven. The bureau of the secretaries of the chamber, and of the secretaries, of the *procès verbaux*, is, as in the old chamber, divided into two parts, the one to the right of the president's bureau and on a level with the tribune, and the other to the left. The decorations over the recess, opposite to the tribune, are in a simple style. Over this recess, which is hung with green cloth, is an escutcheon, upon which the letter

C is in several parts interwoven, and supported by figures of Fame: to the right of the escutcheon, and of the same height, is a figure representing Justice, and at the left is that of Minerva. The seats of the deputies are covered with green cloth,—the wood part is painted in imitation of mahogany; all the seats are arranged in the form of an amphitheatre; the right side is near the *quai*, and the left adjoins the library of the chamber. The rotunda of the chamber is covered with green drapery to the height of the public tribunes and the tribunes of the journalists—these tribunes, which run round the chamber, are of wood, covered with cloth, painted in imitation of plush—they harmonise well with the green drapery: the ceiling is painted in sky-blue, with crimson fleurs-de-lis. The reporters for the public press have their desks in the tribune, immediately opposite the bureau of the president—over this tribune is another escutcheon, with the arms of France, supported by figures representing Peace and Truth, and two figures of Fame.

French Academy.—M. Dumeril has been elected Vice-President of the Académie des Sciences for the year 1830. After several ballots, the final contest lay between him and M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. The votes were— for M. Dumeril 28; for M. Saint-Hilaire 22.—M. Arago has been selected by the Academy to unite himself to the section of geography and navigation, about to supply the place of M. de Rossel.

French Wines.—The consumption of French wines in France has (very naturally) increased with the increase of national wealth. In 1821, the quantity retailed, and of course chiefly consumed by the lower classes, scarcely amounted to 12,900,000 hectolitres; in 1826 it exceeded 15,400,000. The quantity sold wholesale, and consequently consumed by families of opulence, or at least in easy circumstances, exhibits a still more strongly marked progress. In 1818, it was 2,665,948 hectolitres; in 1826, it amounted to 3,973,482; and in 1826, to 5,264,209.

Mental Medicine.—It is well known that the imagination has frequently been operated upon advantageously in cases of bodily disease. Among numerous instances of the kind, the success in England, in the year 1668, of an Irishman of the name of Greatrick; and in Germany, in the year 1766, of a curé of the name of Gassner, are two of the most striking. To these may be added the salutary delusions of which Prince Hohenloe was no doubt occasionally the author. The town of Nantes has been kept in a state of excitement during the last year, by the active practice in this way of a fair Swedembourian, of the name of Madame de Saint-Amour; the fervency of whose prayers has been very efficacious in various cases, in which the patients have previously entertained a strong faith in their efficacy. This is evidently the whole secret of the wonder. It is one of the very few advantages of superstition.

Engraving in France.—It has been for some time remarked, that whilst proper encouragement was given in France to painters, the art of engraving was suffered to remain stationary, or rather to lose ground. The demand for splendidly illustrated English Annuals, however, has piqued the *amour propre* of the French, and induced them to make an attempt to place the art upon a more respectable footing. For this purpose a Society has just been formed by subscription, with a capital of 200,000 francs, to order engravings from promising

artists, which are to be disposed of by the Society, and to distribute rewards and medals. The king, and other members of the royal family, patronise this institution.

Cement for China, &c.—The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* publishes the following recipe as one of the best cements for china, glass, &c. Put an ounce of mastic in a sufficient quantity of spirits of wine to dissolve it; then take an ounce of isinglass, soak it in water until it is soft, and dissolve it in brandy till it is become a strong jelly, adding afterwards an ounce of well-powdered gum ammoniac. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen pipkin, and expose them to a gentle heat; when they are well mixed, pour them into a bottle, which is to be well corked. To use this cement, the bottle is to be placed in hot water until it is sufficiently fluid—it is then to be applied to the fractures in the usual way. In twelve hours it will set, and the mended part will become as hard as any other.

Lamp Glasses.—A very simple but effective precaution is employed in Paris, to prevent the breaking of lamp-glasses by the sudden application of heat. Before they are used, a glazier cuts or scratches the base of the glass with a diamond, and afterwards sudden heat may be applied without danger.

Harpolyre.—Under this name, a new guitar has been invented at Paris by M. Salomon. Instead of one neck and six strings, like the common guitar, it has three necks and twenty-one strings. By this augmentation, the power of the instrument is of course greatly increased.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. VI. Feb. 6th, 1830.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XV. Part 2, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Tyler's Scotland, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Aristophanes translated into English Prose, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Social Duties on Christian Principles, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Townsend's (Rev. C.) Sermons, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Iconology, by W. Pinnock, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. II. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—The Managers of the Day, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Crabbe's Dictionary of General Knowledge, 12mo. 9s. cloth.—Fitz-Ford, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Marshall's Summary of Vaccination, 8vo. 4s. bds.—England on the Kidneys, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Bernays' German Grammar, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—Grant's French Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sh.—Writer's and Student's Assistant, 18mo. 2s. sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 28	From 29. to 36.	29.93 to 30.10
Friday... 29	— 29. — 37.	30.11 — 30.13
Saturday... 30	— 23. — 37.	29.92 — 29.81
Sunday... 31	— 15.5 — 23.	29.98 — 30.06
February.		
Monday... 1	— 15. — 25.	29.86 — 29.76
Tuesday... 2	— 15. — 21.	29.73 — 29.75
Wednesday 3	— 14. — 23.	29.76 — 29.82

Prevailing wind, N.E. Generally overcast, with an almost incessant fall of snow or sleet.
Rain fallen, .575 of an inch.

* * * Several correspondents concerning the Meteorological Summary for the past year, are informed that we merely wait in expectation of the arrival of accounts from other parts of the country, when they will appear together, and thereby the comparisons may be more conveniently made than by giving insertion to an individual account only, in following Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.
Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Our Number of this week has been plucked into Novel criticism by the appearance of several striking productions of that class; and we are therefore obliged to postpone continued Reviews of Colman's Random Records, Moore's Byron, Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, Calamy's Life and Times, Power's Prediction, the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, &c. &c. besides other new and important publications, to which, however, our earliest Numbers shall pay due attention.

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